

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

M'KINLEY'S CHANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

The Journal's Washington dispatches inform us that President McKinley has resolved to urge in his message the construction of the Nicaragua Canal at the earliest practicable moment. If he fully appreciates what the inauguration of this work under his Administration will mean for his fame he will not allow the pressure to which he is sure to be subjected from corporate interests to shake this determination.

The President who begins the Nicaragua Canal will have a monument so colossal that it will dwarf all his errors and make his name immortal. The lower slopes of Shasta are overgrown with brush and littered with the debris of landslides, but when you go fifty miles and look back all that disappears and you see the snowy cone rising undefiled into the blue. So in fifty or a hundred or five hundred years the petty scandals and blunders of the present Administration will be forgotten, and men will think of McKinley, if he makes the right decision now, as the creator of the world's greatest highway of commerce.

Who remembers now the little political intrigues that checkered the career of De Witt Clinton? The creator of the Erie Canal and the architect of the commercial greatness of New York stands in history clear of all the petty incumbrances of his time. The failure of De Lesseps at Panama is fading away in the distance; his success at Suez is growing with the growth of the intercourse between the world's East and West. Nobody cares what sort of man Eads may have been in his lifetime, but his jetties that make the lower Mississippi an arm of the sea will keep his name fresh forever.

The Nicaragua Canal will be built sooner or later. If the work is begun now every ship that passes through it will recall the services of William McKinley. Every farmer whose prosperity is increased by it will have grateful recollections of William McKinley. Instead of sinking into oblivion as time goes on, McKinley's name will grow greater with the growth of the world's commerce. In all history there has been no opportunity like this. The Nicaragua Canal will be the one central nexus of the threads of traffic of the whole earth. The man who links his name with it will be more secure of immortality than the man who built the Great Pyramid. If President McKinley shall be that man the Journal will not hesitate to give him all the honor he will have earned.

There are greater things than being President of the United States. It is not what the President is but what he does that makes him famous. Jefferson ordered his monument to be inscribed: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." That he had been President of the United States for eight years he did not consider worth mentioning. And the Presidency will be a small thing for Mr. McKinley if he can earn the epitaph: "Here lies William McKinley, creator of the Nicaragua Canal."

VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART.

In the death of Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, the country has lost a brilliant and capable public servant, the Republican party an earnest and indefatigable worker, and the State of New Jersey a power in local politics.

According to the modern standard of human life, Mr. Hobart was still a young man. Farmer's boy, storekeeper, City Councillor and Assemblyman, he climbed up the ladder of national politics to the Vice-Presidency of the United States without losing touch with the business world in which he was such a commanding figure.

Mr. Hobart was identified with those great developments of industry that are most profoundly modifying the life of our time. The Journal has found much to criticize in some of the methods by which these developments have been wrought out, but it does not doubt that they will ultimately lead to good. The organization of industry is a work that is occupying some of the best brains of America, and in time all the results of that organization will inure to the public benefit. When that time comes the people who profit by the improved social conditions will have a kindly feeling for the generals of industry whose constructive genius makes them possible, and of these commanders none has been more able than Garret A. Hobart.

The time is coming when this Government will awake to the necessity of breaking away from the rapacious clutches of the trusts and of equipping itself for the independent supplying of its own naval needs.

It will be July 1, 1900, before the Pennsylvania armor plate manufacturers will be able to undertake any additional Government work.

In the meantime the Chief of Ordnance is clamoring for the insertion of a paragraph in the Naval Appropriation bill authorizing the payment of \$545 a ton for armor of the Krupp type, as preferable to Harveyized armor at \$411 per ton.

Why should we pay \$545 a ton for Krupp armor when by an agreement with the owners of the patents this Government may establish its own plant, forge its own armor, save an enormous amount of money and build its own battle ships, without depending upon a throat-cutting steel trust?

The Government understood all this two years ago. If it had followed the advice the Journal gave then we should have had by this time our own armor plate plants in full operation.

There seems to be no reason why the shipbuilding plants at Norfolk, Mare Island and Brooklyn should not be enlarged sufficiently for the construction of first class battle ships. The armor plate establishments of this country have practically taken the Government by the throat.

Their combination is a matter of a few months, and when that is accomplished we will have to pay for our greater navy whatever price the Armor Trust may ask.

Will the Government submit to it, or will it, by expending a reasonable amount, establish armor plate plants of its own?

The Otis Telegraph Interrupted.

Our benevolent old friend General Otis is waiting to the Washington authorities on account of his inability to communicate with General Lawton.

The telegraph wires have been cut. Lawton is marching against the enemy, and Otis is grieving.

There was a complete lack of cable communication when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. If Lawton can keep the telegraph wires cut for a few days, and avoid all orders from the old grandmother in Manila, we may reasonably expect that Aguinaldo will be captured.

From first to last Otis has fought his battles on the typewriter. He is said to have recalled Lawton and MacArthur at least a dozen times just as they were ready to move forward. He has practically squelched "Fighting Joe" Wheeler.

Lawton is an American soldier from head to heels. So are MacArthur and Wheeler. No American soldier can fight according to Sunday school tactics. The brilliant galaxy of officers and the brave army of soldiers which this Government has seen fit to place under the command of a military fungus, possessing but infrequent flashes of human intelligence, would have crushed the tribe of Tagalos six months ago if they had been permitted to fight.

The Philippine war cannot last forever, even under Otis. When it comes to an end the chief regret of the American people will be that the man who deserves no credit whatever will get it all.

In the meantime, it is our hope that the telegraph wires between Otis and his officers will remain dead.

Predicted Hobart's Death.

Editor of the New York Journal:

As an astrologer, I predicted Vice-President Hobart's death on November 5. I now predict the death of William McKinley on November 1, 1900. Scorpio has decreed it. Please publish this and oblige.

J. L. COULTE.

Newark, Nov. 21.

Here is a little bit of a dodipoli who claims that by the aid of an arithmetic and a two-dollar spyglass he has discovered that one of our great public men would die on a given date, and that the President, too, is doomed.

Scorpio decrees it, eh? Oh, wise astrologer, do you know that the light that radiated from this earth when Christ was born is as yet only a fraction of the distance across the measureless void between the earth and Scorpio, although travelling at a rate of over a quarter of a million miles a second?

Scorpio does not yet know that Napoleon lived or that the battle of Waterloo was fought, to say nothing of the battle of Manila.

Why do you not attribute the death of Mr. Hobart to the fatal influence of the month of November?

Vice-President Gerry died on November 23, 1814; Vice-President Wilson died on November 22, 1875; Vice-President Hendricks on November 24, 1885, and Vice-President Hobart on November 21, 1899. This seems to put Scorpio out of the business.

Our Architecture at Fault.

Editor of the New York Journal:

If the picture published in the Journal is really the building that is to be put on the magnificent site of the Custom House it is simply a shame. This thing might do for Indianapolis, but for the metropolis of the nation, and occupying the site selected, it is simply beneath criticism.

New York, Nov. 21. M. J. B.

We suppose you refer to the new Custom House.

We publish your letter in order to point to a few facts.

Without criticising the new Custom House building, we will admit that there is much fault to be found with American architects. They seem to possess in their minds only the geometrical solidity, the uncompromising granite squareness and the mansard roof effects that belong to a struggling and commercial age.

The same is true to a great extent of our sculpture and art. The Naval Arch is a thing of beauty, but the Samothracian angel at the top is a borrowed idea. So are the rearing sea horses.

We are too busy getting money. It may be in a thousand years that we will have a Parthenon, an Acropolis, temples of Vesta, something approximating that wonderful column of Titus or Trajan, all built upon newer and more beautiful plans.

These things come in a nation's plenitude. Give our new civilization a chance.

Rebuild Old Ironsides.

Editor of the New York Journal:

The Secretary of the Navy wisely recommends the expenditure of millions for new ships, and all indications promise the approval of Congress and the people. It is of greater importance, however, to also insure the continuance and development of "the man behind the gun" by preserving for his education and inspiration trophies and records of men and ships. * * * There is no financial or patriotic reason why Old Ironsides should not be ordered rebuilt and installed at Washington in the National Naval Museum by this Congress as a tribute to the matchless American navy, man and ship.

JOHN WINFIELD SCOTT.

New York, Nov. 20.

The sentiments of Mr. John Winfield Scott are correct. Every trophy of military or naval glory in the life of a nation should be perpetuated so long as that glory is undimmed or the life of the nation endures.

We should not only rebuild the Constitution, we should replace the victorious ships of John Paul Jones, Commodore Perry, and every other gallant sea fighter in our history. Mr. Scott's suggestion is a good one.

DUKE OF MANCHESTER PROUD TO WORK AND NOT LIVE ON HIS TENANTS.

The Nobleman Tells Why He Has Entered the Field of Daily Journalism.

Intends to Fit Himself for a Career Later in the Legislative Halls of England.

WHEN the Duke of Manchester began his journalistic career on the Journal the Philadelphia North American took occasion to comment favorably upon his action, saying, in part:

"The Duke of Manchester has turned journalist and the Earl of Yarmouth actor. The surprise manifested by the press and public over these proofs of industry emphasizes the eternal incongruity between the aristocratic idea and work. It is creditable to both young men that they are not content with the conspicuousness conferred by mere rank, but seek for distinction through the employment of their talents. Of course, they will lose caste by being so sensible, for a useless existence is imposed upon all who would be at the social summit. In warring with that ancient and respectable and odiously snobbish conception of what is admirable, the Duke of Manchester and the Earl of Yarmouth establish their superiority in brains to those who made and those who maintain the undemocratic tradition of which the world is old enough now to be ashamed."

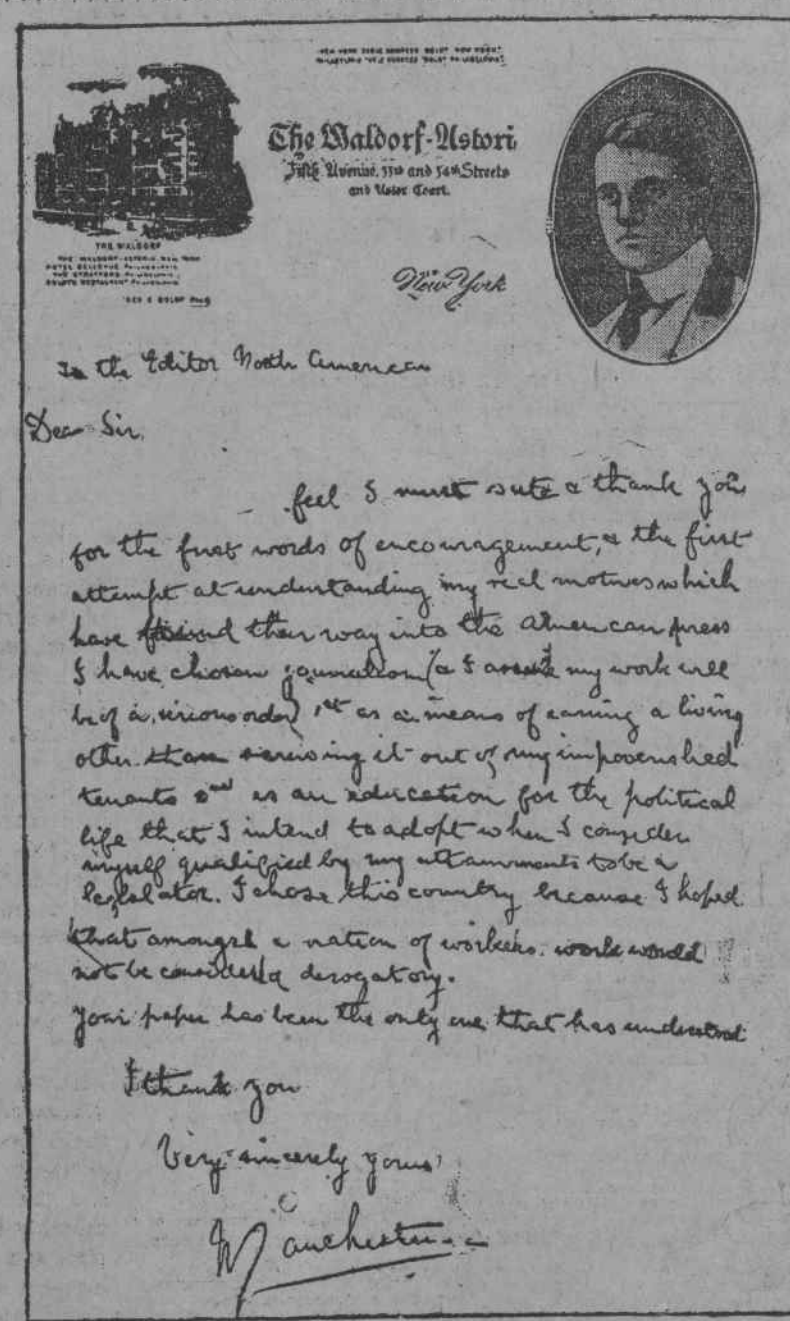
The Duke wrote to the North American the letter reproduced here, which says:

New York, November 18.

Editor North American:

Dear Sir: I feel I must write and thank you for the first words of encouragement and the first attempt at understanding my real motives which have found their way into the American press. I have chosen journalism (and I assure you my work will be of a serious order), first, as a means of earning a living other than screwing it out of my impoverished tenants; second, as an education for the political life that I intend to adopt when I consider myself qualified by my attainments to be a legislator. I chose this country because I hoped that among a nation of workers work would not be considered derogatory.

Your paper has been the only one that has understood. I thank you. Very sincerely yours, MANCHESTER.



Letter from the Duke of Manchester to the Philadelphia North American.

A "CRANE PLAY" WITHOUT CRANE, AS VIEWED BY ALAN DALE.

OLD, discarded "star" plays are very much like old clothes—good and comfortable when worn by their original purchaser, useless and baggy for others. A few years ago Miss Martha Morton, one of the nearest play tailors Mr. Crane ever caused to "work" for him, took the measure of that actor and made "A Fool of Fortune." With her tape she measured his laughs, with her needle she applied on those splendid gowns of "heroism" upon which Mr. Crane insisted; with her scissors she snipped away humor from the other characters, and when the "Crane character" was built up she served it with the lovely situation of ruin that every self-respecting comedian craves a tear or two demands.

"A Fool of Fortune" was produced. We said it was "a regular Crane play." We laughed—ha! ha!—and we applauded Mr. Crane as "easy and natural," and we said kindly things about Martha Morton. In fact, we came in when the lady tailress had finished her work, saw it tried on the animated figure of the actor and decided that it was a good fit—with no creases in the shoulders and no bagginess at the knees.

Crane wore out his new play in the course. The Murray Hill Stock Company, acting as a sort of dramatic "old clo" institution, has now secured possession of it. If you want to see how funny a well fitting "Crane play" looks upon anybody else go to the Murray Hill, as I did yesterday, and watch a "misfit" performance. It impressed me as probably "The Little Minister" with May Irwin as Lady Babbalanja, or—better still—as "Sister Mary" with Rose Coghlan as Sister Mary would do. Creates everywhere, bagginess at every joint.

The Crane model, however, Miss Martha Morton caught in her own mesh.

All this was due to the absurd presumption that a tailor made "star" play is dramatic literature. Nothing could be more ridiculous than such a notion. A "star" play is just as much part of a "star's" wardrobe as his trousers, his frock coat or his evening clothes. It has just as much extrinsic value. If you don't believe me, I simply repeat: Go to the Murray Hill and see "A Fool of Fortune."

Walter Allen was cast for the role of Blitha Cunningham, with the Crane laughs, the applied wads of heroism and the lovely situation of ruin for which Mr. Crane asks so hungrily. Mr. Allen

is not a bad actor, but there is no reason why he should wear Crane's character any more than Crane's shirts or collars. As you listened to him you knew exactly where the Crane chuckles were supposed to appear—but didn't; you realized the "humor" that Crane got out of those requests to "sit down," and you groined about in that particular atmosphere of emotional "ruin" quite in the dark, as far as Mr. Allen was concerned. You see, a "Crane character" is never a very consistent affair. It is built upon the three-quarters-laughter and one-quarter-tears principle. Everything is made subservient to this. It is Crane's own idea, designed by himself, just as Miss Anna Held's gowns are her own idea, designed by herself.

Poor Walter Allen, trying to insert his anemic individuality into the broad and uncouth garments invented for a fat star! Could any fate be crueler? Of course, the young man fell by the wayside, and we were grieved at the stupidity of this Blitha Cunningham, this American returning from Europe with an English accent and English clothes, and disporting himself in a rich source of vulgarity until the time for heroism and gallery platitudes approached! You could stand it all—you must stand it all—from William H. Crane. But from Mr. Allen, who is doing hard work in a role he is asked to see Mr. Allen as Machias in "The Bells" when Irving casts it off, or as Beau Brummell in the play of that name when Mr. Mansfield consigns it to junkdom? Perish the thought.

"A Fool of Fortune" as presented by the Murray Hill stock company was not a particularly enticing affair, although in all justice to other members of the company it must be said that their work was satisfactory. But a "star" play, when you come to consider it, is such a very one-sided, greedy and ravenous affair that when the "star" role is lacking, little is left, and that little is of but slight consequence.

Perhaps the best performance given yesterday was that of Ralph Stuart in the role of an imposing French count. He was infinitely superior to Blitha Cunningham, who played the part at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is one of those thankless characters that thrive in plays of this sort, and are inserted for international contrast. Mr. Stuart really managed to get a good deal of humor out of it.

After all, Nannie Reeves has a heart. Last Winter she shocked a good many of her friends by joining the trained nurses and helping at hospitals. I wish you could have heard her singing to the poor patients; it was very pretty and amiable. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore.

I have heard a whisper that Josephine Drexel, too, may don the veil. I asked vaguely yesterday whether this were true, and was gently reproved. Mrs. Benton, who was her chaperon last Winter, is quite vexed at the report, and as Miss Drexel's mother is not a Roman Catholic, no doubt she will oppose. Extraordinary, all this! Isn't it? If society takes to a nunneries, what shall we do for our dinners and dances? But you never can tell. One Drexel is now a Mother Superior, and why not another as a novice?

Oh, by the way, I have heard the Vanderbilt name. George has a house party at Blithmore for Thanksgiving. Most of the clan will gather there, but Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will retire to family solitude at Newport.

I have invitations for three or four little dinners during the week, half informal affairs, after all. Mrs. Hermann Odriks and Mrs. John R. Drexel give the most important, though they are small affairs—twenty or thirty covers, or maybe it is only a dozen or so; you can never tell about these things. Some of these small dinners read like a page out of the book—that is, the fashionable directory.

It. He has authority, a good presence, a pleasing voice. Had he appeared in the original production he would have made a hit. Of what will it avail him to be praised in a threadbare "Fool of Fortune" without the star?

Miss Hannah May Bingham—a very clever actress—was not as good as Miss Effie Shannon in the role of Marjorie. This role, if I remember rightly, was such a pleasant relief from the "Crane character" that it stood out boldly, and we took Miss Shannon to our hearts and told her she was excellent. But at the Murray Hill there was nobody for Miss Hannah May Bingham to relieve. Poor Mr. Allen was past relief, and so Marjorie proved to be dull and uninteresting.

Georgia Welles was cast for the "cute" part which, when the tailor-made play was fresh from the form, was assigned to Miss Dallas Tyler. Miss Welles is a cunning little person, cut out for just such a role, and she made it seem as blithe and as pleasant as anything could seem under such wrinkled circumstances. Claude D. Waldron played the part of the perfect Worsdorff, and succeeded in investing it with those negative qualities which such a role must possess in a "Crane play." It wouldn't do to have many interesting gentlemen in a masculine "star" play. Any little heroism going around belongs to the "star." The "star" also lunches upon all the available humor and all the conceivable situations. Stars are the hungriest people on the earth. They live on the fat of the drama, and throw the crumbs to their company. Mrs. Thomas Barry brought good humor, without distinction, to the part of Mrs. Cunningham, and William Redmond was a great improvement upon the actor who first breathed the breath of life into Cornelius Green.

But if every actor in the cast had been a genius, "A Fool of Fortune" would have been a very limp and bedraggled affair. It was draped around Crane, and you could see the folds of the drapery. It could fit no mortal stock company. The stock company must beware of "star" plays, which very often are no plays at all, but merely vehicles for the display of a favorite actor's pet individuality. The vehicle rolls along over its allotted course, and when it stops the power has gone from it, the wheels stand inertly; its career of usefulness is over.

ALAN DALE.

NEWS ABOUT MRS. GOULD AND NANNIE REEVES. OTHERS TOO IN SOCIETY.

LONG have I heard the tip-tapping of the Goulds at the portals of society, but until now no response. Can't be true, I ask myself, that some one has heard and hearkened to the appeal to enter? If such be true, permit me to remark "Gadzooks!" and "Odds boddicks!" to say nothing of "Marry!" and other expressions I hold due to the occasion. Yet if the truth be told, Mrs. Gould—Mrs. George, of course—has been seen at the Waldorf-Astoria in active converse with Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Dyer and Miss Swan.

To be sure, it may not seem extraordinary to those with an idea of the power of money. But others may gasp and wonder how in—never mind. It is true. A few years ago, before the late Mrs. Parson Stevens took them up for a brief season, I might as well have expected to see the late Jay Gould hobnobbing with Jimmy Van Allen in the cloisters of the Knickerbocker.

But good luck to Mrs. George. She has tried hard and long, and success to her efforts. Also, I hear, she has been seen affectionately greeting Miss Pomeroy, of grizzly bear fame. If Miss Pomeroy and Mrs. George get chummy that means the ultimate recognition of my dear Mrs. Eliza.

All things come to those that wait. But at one time it looked as if the Goulds would wait ever into the second or third generation. I wonder now whether all those other people the Goulds have married will be dragged in, too. Who knows?

Dear me, but this really is sensational (I hope you like the word). I mean this news about Nannie Reeves. I remember her as a child of a girl—short skirts and all that and a hoop to trundle up and down her native street. If some one had told me that she was going to write a book or open a hat store or do something or other in that way I should not have wondered. But to go into a convent is really extraordinary.

Don't you remember two Summers ago when she came to the Waldorf-Astoria for a week or so? I can't quite forget the impression, but then I am very impressionistic—a veritable Manet, in fact. I recollect that she blacked her face and rampaged to rag time with all the vim and éclat of a Thompson street belle. In fact, she quite out-

did Mrs. Freddy Gebhard, who excels in this species of fashionable entertainment.

I wonder what Andrew Bibby will say when he hears it. Bibby, who is also impressionistic, walked for the cake with Miss Nannie. He acknowledges relationship to the Astors—informally by marriage, as it were, and I can't help thinking that if the first John Jacob Astor beheld him thus from a saintly seat it must have tried the blessed Angel to keep him under restraint—John Jacob, I mean.

After all, Nannie Reeves has a heart. Last Winter she shocked a good many of her friends by joining the trained nurses and helping at hospitals. I wish you could have heard her singing to the poor patients; it was very pretty and amiable. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore. She is a pretty girl, one of the belles of Baltimore.

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I am afraid that Hemstead's gayeties will be of a minor kind this season. These two hunting accidents have distressed every one, particularly that of Cottontail. I cannot understand why his family allow him to ride to hounds, after his brother's fate. If the Hemstead hunting is going to read like a railroad disaster after every meet it is about time it ended. Anyway, I never could see the fun of hunting in a country that was as full of barb-wire as a subway. Even with an ankle bag you cannot dodge it, and the sooner the hunt takes the automobiles the better for its life and limb.

I have heard so long that Kitty Brady—pardon, Mrs. Sidney Harris—is to go on the stage that I no longer bother. If she is going to I wish she would. About once a quarter I hear the rumor, and instead of making my flesh creep, as it used to, it now only makes me yawn. If she does try the stage, she ought to succeed, because certainly she is bright, and brightness means much—nearly as much as beauty. But if she is going on the stage she ought to hurry up. Now is the time to have one's diamonds stolen.

Dreamland—or rather Philadelphia—sends me some news. The Drexels are still visible, notwithstanding the burrowing of other social white rabbits. I hear that the Anthony Drexels contemplate entertaining pretentiously—that is, they purpose to overwhelm the town with the originality and vigor of much dining and dancing.

But, all nonsense aside, it is going to be a great week for the Drexels. There are two debutantes to stimulate the family hospitality, and as every Drexel, pere et mere, will do something for the ingenues, the gayeties will be overwhelming.

The Anthony Drexels' stay, they tell me, will be short. They are to return to their English castle before the new year. Upon my word, it must be a great thing to have a really, truly estate. When you get tired of giving and taking dinners you can retreat to your mounted grange, drop the fourtuccia and hide from the giddy world, like a turtle within its carapace.

CHOLIV KNICKERBOCKER.